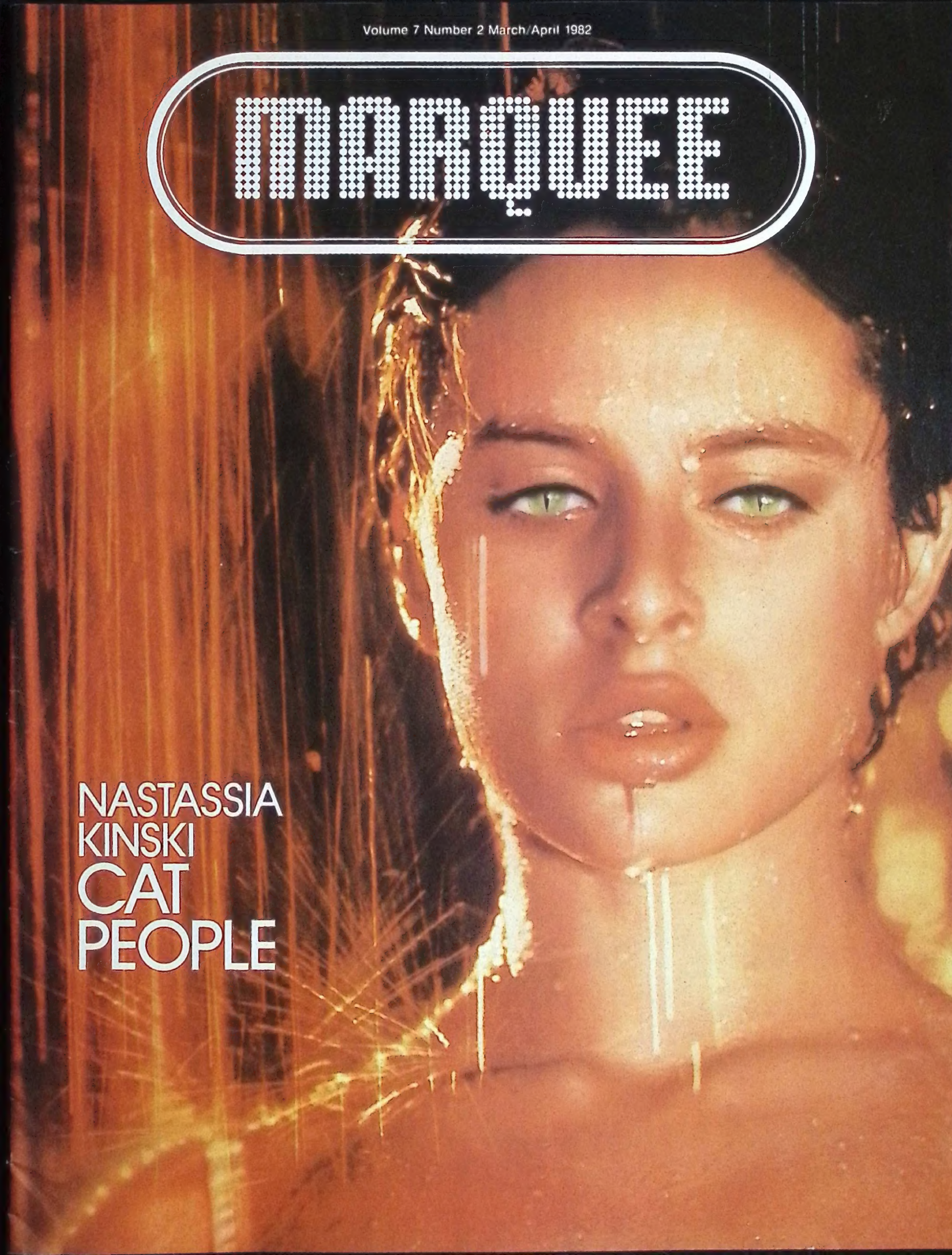
Volume 7 Number 2 March/April 1982

MARQUEE



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Volume 7 Number 2 March/April 1982

MARQUEE

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FITNESS NOW • AND HOW

How not to get fit

Once and for all we'd like to clear up a few misconceptions about fitness. None of the following approaches represents a sensible way to get fit:

1. The "drive yourself til you drop" approach.
2. The "more it hurts the more it works" approach.
3. The "make up in an hour for what it took you ten years to lose" approach.

The plain fact is that exercise does not have to hurt before it is doing you some good. Real gains start long before you reach the pain barrier.

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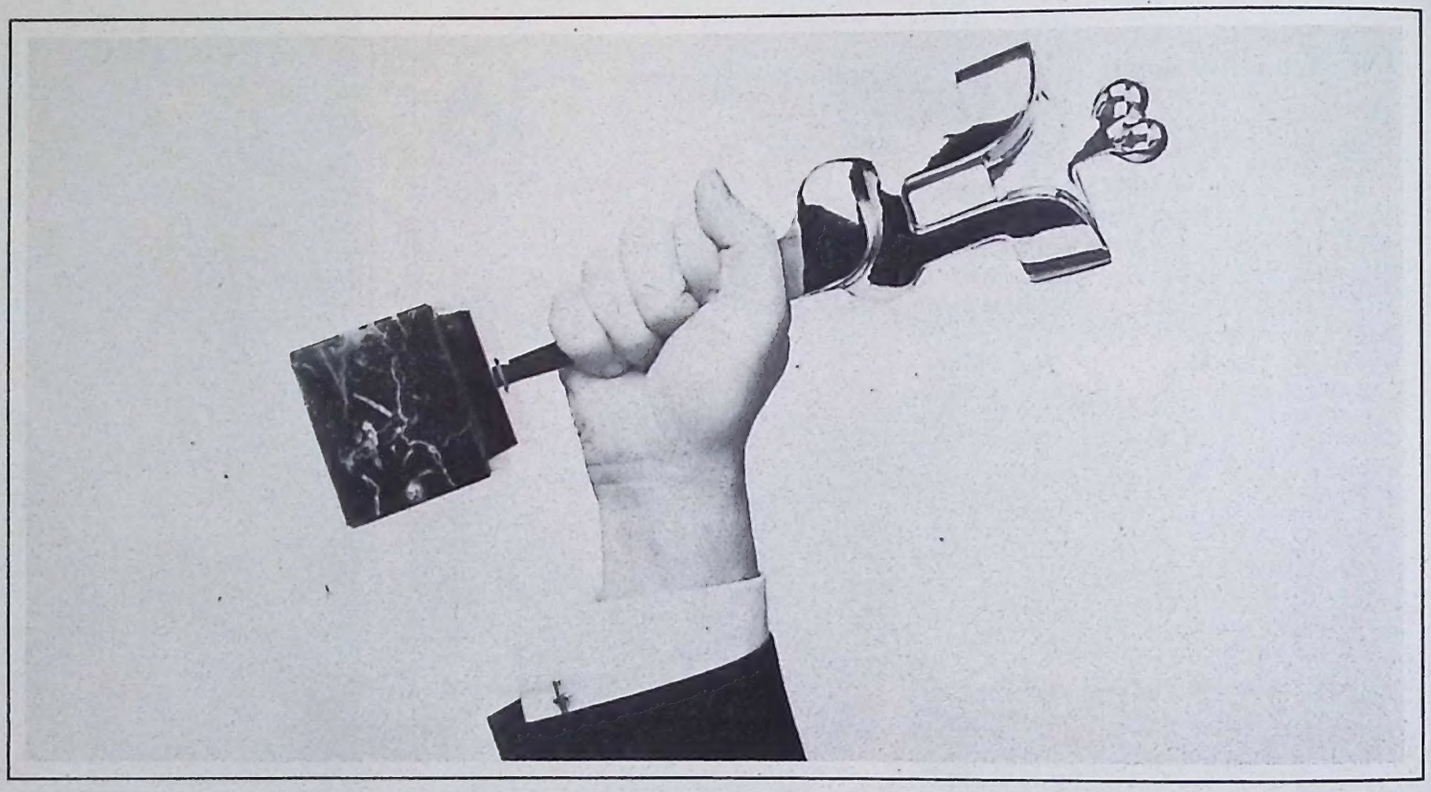
Can you get fit without struggle, without strain, without pain? AND HOW!

PARTICIPACTION

1982 GENIE AWARDS



by George Anthony

On March 3rd Canadian moviegoers will once again place their bets on the country's most glamorous horse race — the 1982 Genie Awards. And with a little luck we'll all come out as winners.

The Genies, of course, are the statuettes handed out by the Academy of Canadian Cinema, and in three short years this sparkling event has become, not coincidentally, the Queen's Plate of Canadian filmdom. And if that glittering Genie seems destined to become as coveted as her U.S. cousin Oscar, it's probably because Canadian filmmakers are learning not to take themselves so seriously.

For 30 years the Canadian Film Awards stumbled along, weighted down by its own inferiority complex. Afraid to be accused of copying Hollywood, we went too far the other way, devising some of the dullest nights in show business history. Determined not to be splashy (i.e. vulgar, as in 'American'), we revered technicians instead of stars, shunned the sequins and spotlights and invited more film 'experts' than filmmakers to sit on our juries.

Then, three years ago, filmmakers and artists banded together to form the Academy of Canadian Cinema, and the rest is happy history. Academy founders looked to the south and saw many things, pro and con, about the Hollywood system. But they also saw that it worked.

Why did it work? Because Hollywood was proud of its artists and artisans and happy to tell the world about it. Canadian pride was one of our national secrets, but the Academy blew its cover, much to the delight of filmmakers and audiences alike. Goodbye, jury; hello, peers. Actors voting for actors, cinematographers voting for cinematographers, screenwriters voting for screenwriters; it made blissful good sense.

That first awards night — March 20, 1980 — was easily the most spectacular evening in Canadian film history.

As for last year, well, it was even better. Eye-catching actress Kim Cattrall (**Tribute**) caught more eyes than usual when she arrived with her date, Pierre Elliott Trudeau; fresh from playing a romantic rebel in **Suzanne**, Winston

Reckert opened a winner's envelope with a switchblade; Burton Cummings offered a solo showstopper from the then-in-production **Melanie**; and director David Acomba did wonders with the excitement of honest-to-goodness live television, even if a streetcar entrance left much to be desired.

It was also the night that host Brian Linehan revolutionized award shows by insisting on a No-Cue-Cards policy. Actors, he said, are professionals; they don't read lines, they learn them. He did, and they did, with refreshing results all around. Which is one reason why he's been asked to host the Genies again this year.

Entries for consideration in this year's Genie sweepstakes race should bring a rush of images to movie fans right across the country. And although only two entries were submitted from Quebec, both are blockbusters: Gilles Carle's **Les Plouffe**, the saga of La Belle Province's always-first family, and **Les Beaux Souvenirs**, the new film by last year's Best Picture and Best Director winner Francis Mankiewicz (**Les Bons Desbarras**).

In the meantime we've seen Alan Arkin flooding a city square with computer tape in **Improper Channels**, Clay Borris fighting to keep his family together in **Alligator Shoes**, and John Savage flooding a nightclub the hard way in **The Amateur**.

We've seen Ellen Burstyn struggling through the wilds of **Silence of the North**, Margot Kidder climbing one more mountain in **Heartaches**, and Kathleen Beller coming face to face with herself in **Surfacing**.

We've seen Saul Rubinek disguised as a singing, dancing, joking tomato (yes, tomato) in **Ticket to Heaven**, and Sally Kellerman and Stephen Lack engaging in mortal combat in **Head On**. We've seen exploding heads in **Scanners**, shish-kabob murders in **Happy Birthday To Me** and a highly animated statuesque Winged Avenger in **Heavy Metal**.

The only thing we've haven't seen is the Genies.

This year **Ticket to Heaven** and **Les Plouffe** will vie for top honors with 14 nominations apiece, including Best Picture, Best Director and Best Actor. **Heartaches** leads the runners-up list with 11 nominations, **The Amateur** follows with 10 and the final Best Picture nominee, **Scanners**, is the dark horse with an impressive list of eight.

On the evening of Wednesday, March 3rd the names of the winners will be announced, amid much hoopla and fanfare, from the stage of the Royal Alex, while millions wait in suspense at home. Until then, we can all dream of Genies — and celebrate the fact that Canadians have come out of their shy closet at last. ★

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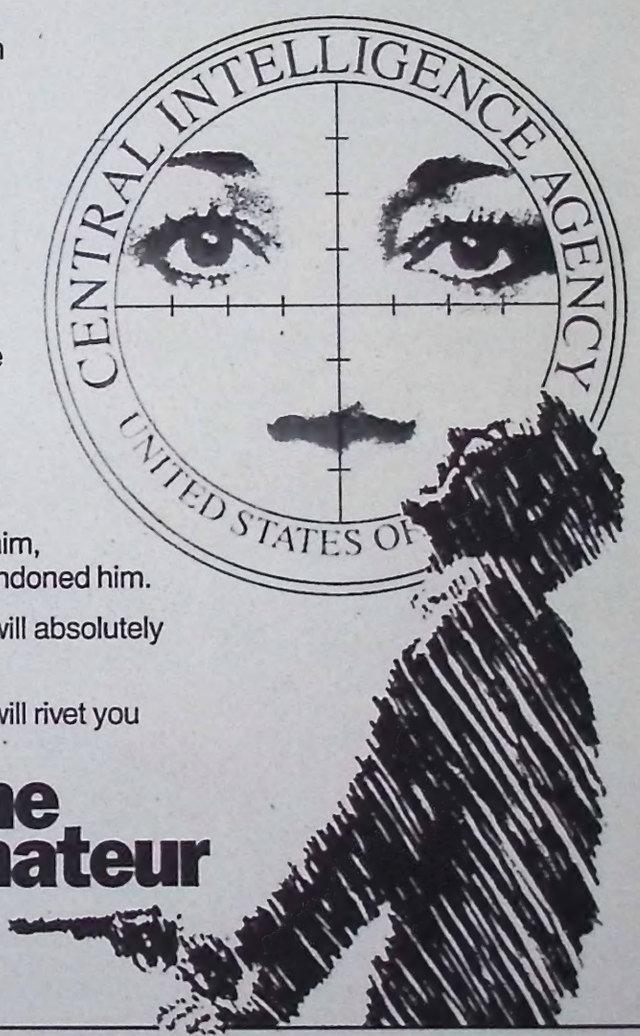

The Amateur

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ART IMITATES LIFE

by Rob Harris

LOS ANGELES — "I love doing Neil Simon," states Walter Matthau. "He writes the way I talk."

If Matthau tosses a rose to the accomodating author for putting words in his mouth, imagine the bouquet young Dinah Manoff might present him for conveniently including a slice of her life in his newest — and to date, most unique — screen gem, **Neil Simon's I Ought To Be In Pictures.** Along with Matthau and Manoff, the picture stars Ann-Margret. Director is Herb Ross.

"The similarities of this film to my own life are unbelievable," comments the diminutive Manoff, who is re-creating her Tony Award winning stage role for the screen. "It's as if somebody said, 'you can take any part of your childhood that you felt bad about and relive it with a happy ending.'"

In **Pictures**, Manoff plays 19-year-old Libby Tucker, a brash, boastful brat from Brooklyn who journeys west to seek fame and fortune as a film star. But it quickly becomes apparent that her confidence is as phony as her designs on stardom, and her real motive in making the trek to Tinsel Town is to look up her father, a once successful screenwriter, whom she hasn't seen in 16 years.

For Manoff, the father-daughter reunion in Simon's script is a painful reminder of her own youth experience. The real-life offspring of actress Lee Grant and screenwriter Arnold Manoff lost her father when she was eight years old.

"My father was a writer. He died when I was very young. The feeling of not having and looking for a father is very real to me. The anger and frustration of not having him there when I needed him will always stay with me."

In her portrayal of Libby, Manoff draws on these parallel experiences to tap a vulnerability that is hidden beneath the character's tough exterior. And with all the controlled skill of a film veteran, the versatile actress (whose feature credits include **Grease** and **Ordinary People**) conveys both Libby's long repressed anger over her early loss, and the quiet joy in rediscovering a father's love.

"My scenes with Walter are emotional mountains," she says of co-star Matthau. "He's my love and I'm so happy to have worked with such a talent. He has a certain magic and a gruffness and a kind of grand presence that my father had."

Matthau, interestingly, also experienced childhood pains of paternal desertion. His father abandoned his family when Walter was only three.

"It's filled with very real emotions," the Oscar winning actor comments on the film. "There were a few seconds while I was acting when I flashed back to my own childhood when my father deserted us. Herb Ross is brilliant at bringing out genuine human emotions from a performer."

Having directed three other Simon screenplays, **The Goodbye Girl**, **California Suite** and **The Sunshine Boys**, (which together collected 16 Academy Award nominations and earned three Oscars), Ross has definite theories about interpreting the prolific playwright's prose.

"Comedy is the last thing I look for in a Neil Simon screenplay be-

cause the comedy is there. I'm not concerned with whether a line gets a laugh or not. If I believe it, that's all that counts. That's the essence of true comedy. The key to directing a Simon script is to make the audience believe in the humanity of the characters."

The casting of Ann-Margret as the level-headed girlfriend of the flaky screenwriter illustrates this point. She plays a motion picture hairstylist who has the patience and understanding to stick by him in spite of the protective distance he puts between himself and anyone who tries to get too close.

"Ann-Margret understands commitment," Ross explains. "The part called for a woman who was willing to put up with a character who is unable to make commitments. There is an inner strength in Ann-Margret that, regardless of whatever flighty roles she's played, comes across on screen. The only difference with this part is that we were asking her to show that strength without any cover of flamboyance."

Pictures is a darker side of Simon, lacking the heavy dramatics of his recent **Only When I Laugh**, but packed with the poignancy of real people's problems. It is the type of writing that the acclaimed author finds most personally satisfying.

"I'm a writer of human comedy," Neil Simon says. "For myself, there's nothing more important. I think where I'm most successful is when I write about identifiable situations, things that happen to people that make them leave the theatre saying, 'that's so much like my own life.'"

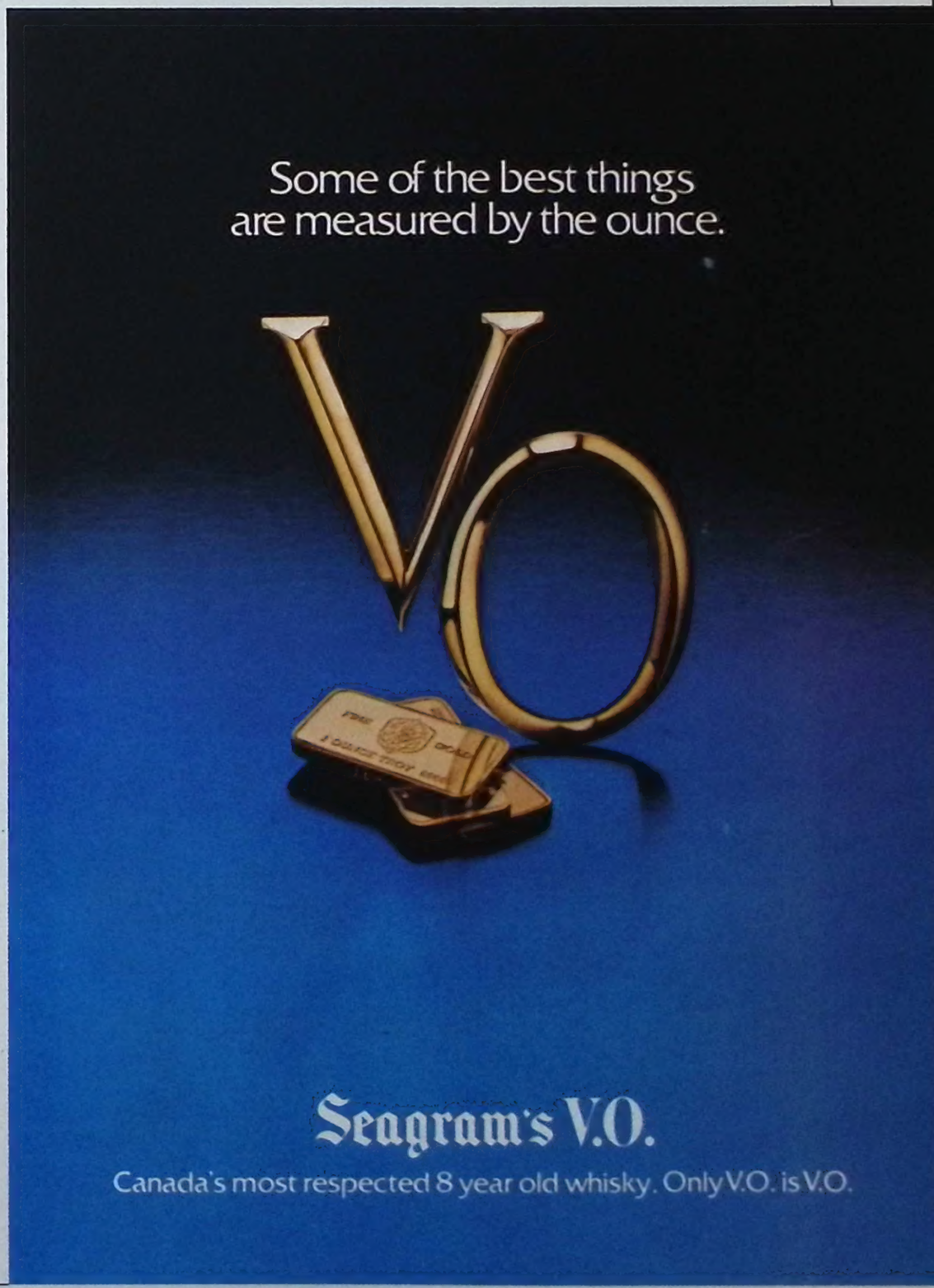
Though there may never be a Neil Simon play that is, in the strictest sense, autobiographical, the playwright acknowledges that the bittersweet undertones in his writings are the product of personal experience.

"I think part of what made me a comedy writer is the blocking out of some of the really ugly, painful things in my childhood and covering them up with a humorous attitude," he admits.

"I know that whenever things were terrible at home, the best thing for me was to go to the movies — do something to laugh until I was able to forget what was hurting.

"I can not separate humor from life. But there's always got to be a touch of tragedy. To me, the ideal play is one where the audience laughs all night long except for the last few minutes during which they are emotionally touched."

Neil Simon's I Ought To Be In Pictures accomplishes that, not because it offers a laugh a minute, but because it taps the source of all good comedy and the best drama — recognizable human experience. ★



ANIMAL I

by Clarke Taylor

NEW ORLEANS — This is a city of surprises. A visitor is first struck not by the nineteenth century wrought-iron facades pictured on postcards, but by eerie, contemporary structures such as the Superdome, which loom like predators over the French Quarter. Sounds of racial unrest, not of jazz, permeate the streets. Hookers and hustlers replace Mardi Gras masqueraders on crowded corners. There is a sense of menace, not of celebration.

It was therefore no surprise to find Paul Schrader, writer of such films as **Taxi Driver** and director most recently of **American Gigolo**, here making **Cat People**, about people with mysterious pasts whose sexual appetites literally turn them into wild animals. Nor was it any surprise to find that he has gathered an odd collection of actors that included Malcolm McDowell, John Heard, Annette O'Toole, Ruby Dee and Nastassia Kinski, who seemed by her otherworldliness especially at home here.

"This is the most un-American of cities," says Schrader during a break on a location a few hundred feet from the Elysian Fields made famous by Tennessee Williams. "You don't know exactly where you are. It's got a timeless quality. And anything can happen here. Since this film is about myth and

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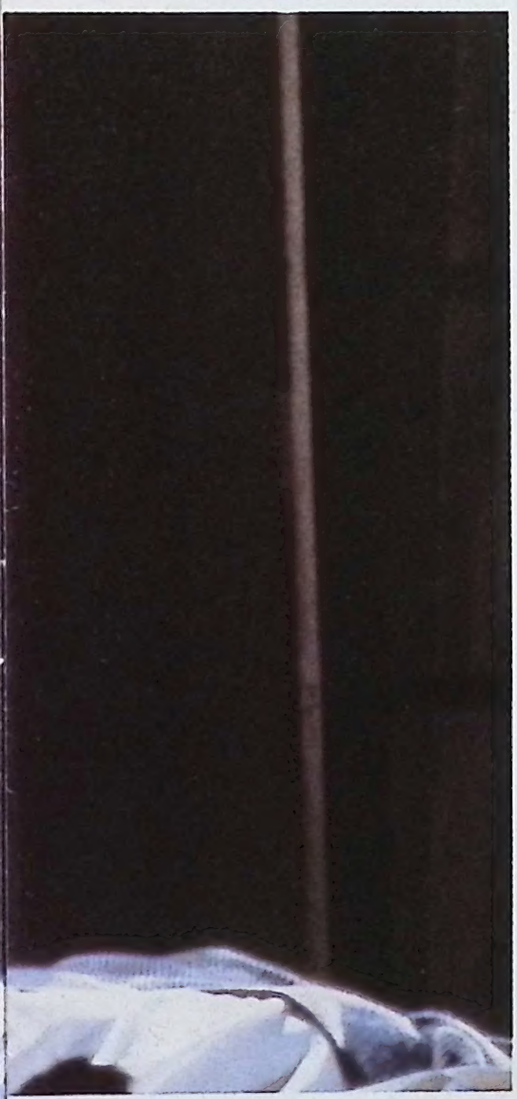

eros, it seemed a logical choice."

The **Cat People** that film buffs remember was a straight-on horror film directed by Jacques Tourneur in 1942. That film was set against another menacing background, New York City. The current project takes off from the original premise that a young woman (Simone Simon) could turn into a panther, but except for a few key sequences, most memorable of which was the protagonist's unsettling visit to a bird store, the similarity between the two projects ends here.

Schrader acknowledges that comparisons are inevitable, and says he screened the original "because I had no interest in remaking a good classic film." But he is adamant that this film "has nothing to do with the original." Others on location were in agreement. McDowell went so far as to call the film a gothic terror tale that should scare people. "But," he adds, "it may also make them think."

"It is scary, but on a superficial level, so you really start to think about your life and what it means," says Kinski, who sounds when she speaks of the film much as she described her character: a child of wisdom.

"The world is screwed up about love and sex," the star of **Tess** continues. "The problem most of us have with love and sex is that everything's become too easy — the availability, the promiscuity,

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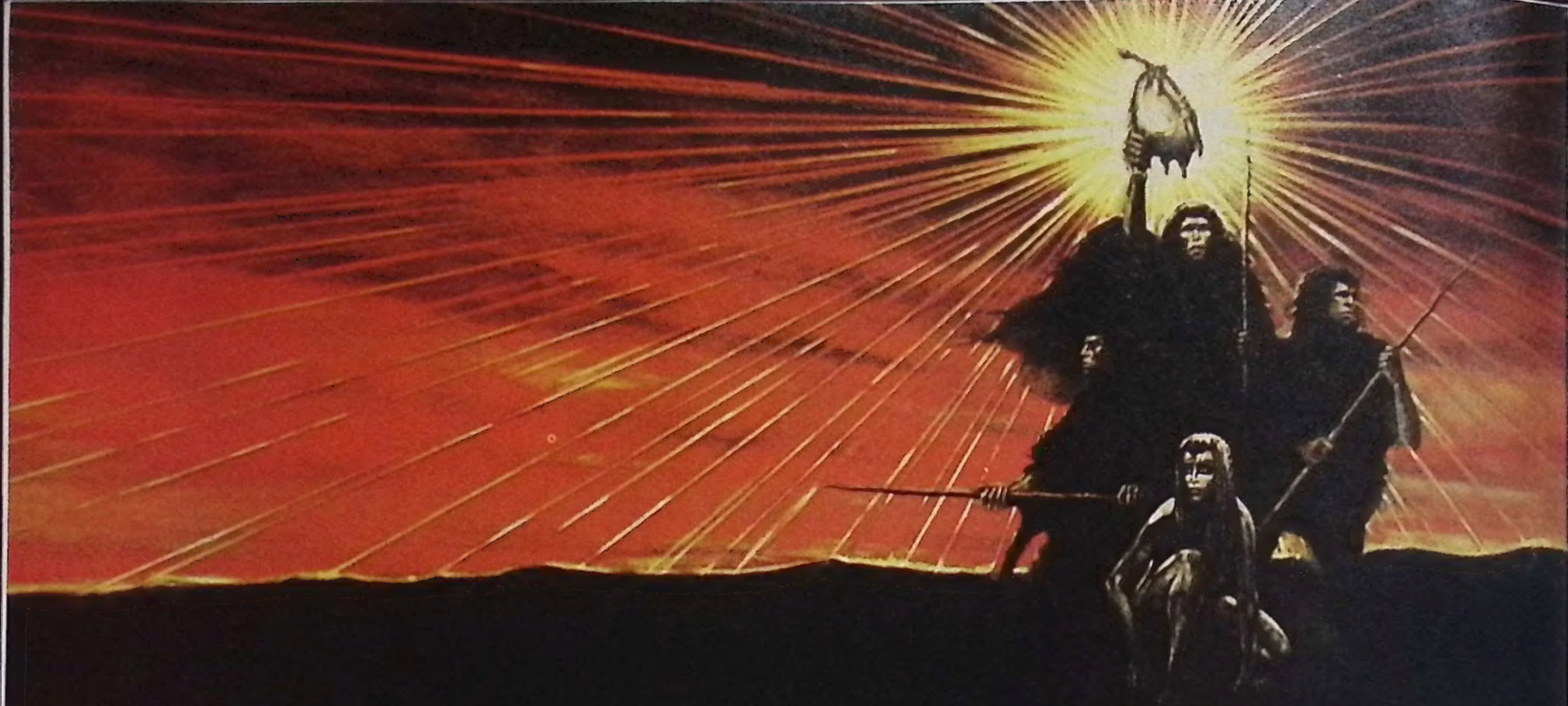

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Continued from page 9

the lack of commitment. I know about these things because of all I have been through since I was very young. Maybe I've been through too much too soon.

"Irena is lonely and hungry for love. The cat is the sensual element, like a being with grace going after its instincts. Humans are like cats," says Kinski, referring often to her affinity for cats. "It's really a wonderful love story."

A love story about cats that kill?

"The secret of most low-budget horror films," says Schrader, "is that they show you something you don't want to see and then hold it over your head. Making a high-class, expensive movie [the film is budgeted at $12 million], I don't have that weapon at my disposal. The audience would resent it. They want to see higher-class thrills. I have to find something to replace the gore for this market."

What he has replaced it with is sex.

Schrader's story, from a screenplay by Alan Ormsby (**My Bodyguard**), centers on Kinski's character, Irena, an orphan with mysterious family roots who comes to New Orleans to live with her minister brother Paul (McDowell) and a housekeeper (Dee). Once there, she makes some unsettling discoveries. Through her brother's attempted seduction of her, she finds that he is a cat person. Through her love for a local zoologist who pursues her, she discovers that she is a cat person. And she realizes that the metamorphosis has something to do with sexuality.

"What I've done," Schrader sums up, "is set up the audience with violence and follow it with sex. With violence, the audience knows you mean business, but the genre has been saturated with violence. By knocking everything up to a metaphysical level, you show you're capable of going another way.

"There's been too much talk, too much explicitness about sex in films recently. The magic, the darkness of it has not been explored." Not, that is, until the 1982 version of **Cat People**, Schrader-style. ★

HEART $TRINGS FROM FRANCIS

by Jane Hartnell

Francis Ford Coppola making a musical? The man who brought you **The Godfather** and **Apocalypse, Now** directing a romantic comedy that even has an old-fashioned happily-ever-after ending? The answer is yes, but this is not your average movie musical.

The picture is called **One From the Heart**, it features the debut of Coppola's own repertory-like company of actors, including Teri Garr, Frederic Forrest, Raul Julia and Nastassia Kinski, it is set in the flashy, unreal world of Las Vegas, and it introduces technological developments in filmmaking that are being hailed as revolutionary.

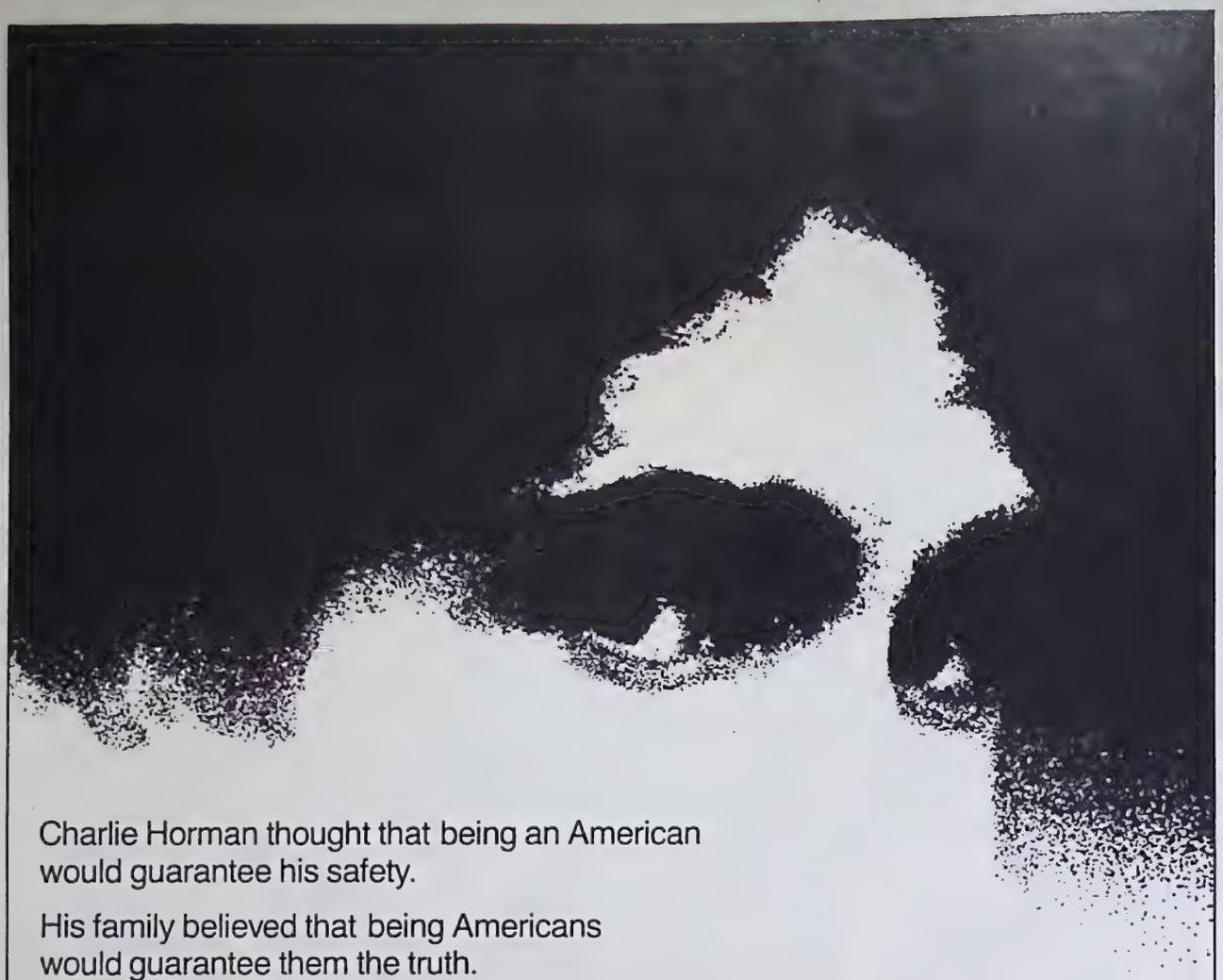
The fact that **One From the Heart** is a departure from the kinds of projects Coppola is known for — he describes it as "a fantasy about romantic love, jealousy and sex" — and from the type of movie generally being made today, should not be too surprising. The controversial writer-producer-director has been described as a compulsive risk-taker. In 1979 he mortgaged everything he owned, including his Napa Valley home and his automobile, to make **Apocalypse, Now**, a $31.5 million treatise on the human condition and the mystique of war. And though undaunted by delays and complications on that production, by the lack of control that comes from shooting on location in the Philippine jungle, even Coppola felt ready for a change.

"We got to thinking," recalls producer Fred Roos, "there must be an easier way to make movies than going into a jungle every time, both literally and figuratively." Coppola decided to shoot the next movie within the confines of four walls, those of his own Zoetrope Studios.

One From the Heart is the first Zoetrope Studios production directed by Coppola and from the start he was very much in control. Rather than shoot the movie on location in Las Vegas, he built an array of lavish sets. By using extensive pre-visualization techniques (pre-edited videotapes of rehearsals, Polaroid stills, artists' sketches), Coppola was continually able to preview the work in progress and revise and refine the script. When it came time to shoot, Coppola sat at the controls of equipment that yielded instant optical effects, dubbing and editing capabilities, and spoke to the actors and crew via monitors.

The strategy of interior sets allowed the director, in addition to control, the opportunity to accent the stylized dream-like quality of the film. "I wanted to take a fable-like story and treat it almost the way Disney would approach a story in his animated films," he explains. "If we had made the movie in Las Vegas, it would have been just another relationship movie with people jumping in and out of cabs, talking about their love affairs. I wanted to do something people hadn't seen before."

So **One From the Heart** is a musical like you've never seen before, from Francis Ford Coppola, a man for whom making movies is "the adventure of taking the next step." ★



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CHECK NEWSPAPERS FOR A THEATRE NEAR YOU

REVENGE-IS-MINE

by Clyde Gilmour

One of the most spectacular killings in the annals of screen murders takes place in **The Amateur**, an international suspense thriller about terrorism and revenge. Any ticket buyer who sees it without gasping must be jaded indeed.

The movie was jointly produced by Joel B. Michaels and Garth H. Drabinsky and directed by Charles Jarrott. It was filmed on location in Toronto, Vienna, Washington and Munich. The screenplay by Robert Littell and Diana Maddox is based on Littell's widely read novel, published last spring by Simon & Schuster. It's about a brilliant young CIA computer technologist trying to wipe out the European terrorists who slaughtered his girlfriend.

John Savage appears in the title role, that of an "amateur" daring to go up against a gang of cold-blooded professionals. Leading parts are played by Christopher Plummer, Marthe Keller, Arthur Hill, Ed Lauter, John Marley and Jan Rubes.

The grieving and vengeful Charles Heller, portrayed by Savage, tracks down one of the terrorists to a Czech hotel in Prague. The man is Luis Botaro, played by Miguel Fernandes. Knowing that his life is in danger, Botaro has secluded himself inside the hotel. He never goes out. Bodyguards protect him around the clock. But there is one weak spot in his routine. Every morning he swims alone in the hotel's luxurious pool.

The obsessed Heller is no hard-boiled hit-man. But he has blackmailed the reluctant CIA into giving him a crash course in the arts of murder and survival. He can think of nothing else until he has terminated the three terrorists — two men and a woman — who butchered his sweetheart in the American consulate in Munich.

The pool in which Botaro daily disports himself serves as one wall of the Hotel Regina's nightclub, behind the bar. Bar patrons enjoy watching the swimmers through the window.

One night, after the bar closes, Heller plants plastic explosives on the pool window. When Botaro takes his morning swim, the CIA man detonates the charge. The pool window is blown out, and the pool's 10,000 gallons roar out through the window and into the saloon. Botaro, already mortally wounded by the blast, is killed as he's sucked out of the pool. The senses of the beholder are overwhelmingly assailed.

Co-producer Drabinsky acknowledges with a grin that it was this sequence in Littell's novel, as much as any, that convinced him the book would yield a smashing suspense thriller on the screen.

"I drooled when I read it," says the young lawyer-showman.

The pool explosion and its heart-shaking aftermath tested the skills of Michael A. Clifford, the film's special effects supervisor, and his squad of sorcerous assistants. Drabinsky is confident they have come up with a high-voltage episode that the customers will still be talking about several days after they've seen **The Amateur**.

John Savage, in the central role of Charles Heller, is the dedicated young stage-trained actor remembered by moviegoers for his work in **The Deer Hunter, Hair**, and **Inside Moves**. He tackles each assignment with consuming intensity.

Marthe Keller appears as a CIA operative in Prague who helps Heller in his eye-for-an-eye crusade. The Swiss-born actress has attracted notice in such films as **Marathon Man, Black Sunday**, and **Fedora**.

Canada's Christopher Plummer now has homes in Connecticut and California. His role in **The Amateur** is that of Prof. Antonin Lakos, head of counter-espionage in Czechoslovakia. The professor is an enigmatic figure, utterly unlike the richly diversified characters Plummer has depicted in **The Sound of Music, Waterloo, The Man Who Would Be King, The Silent Partner** and **Eyewitness**.

The Czech-Canadian actor and operatic basso Jan Rubes has the brief but important role of Sam Kaplan, the brooding father of the slain photo-journalist whom Heller loved. The old man puts no faith in the pious doctrine that revenge, no matter how justified, should be left to the hands of God. He infects Heller with his own impassioned belief that the butchers must be butchered.

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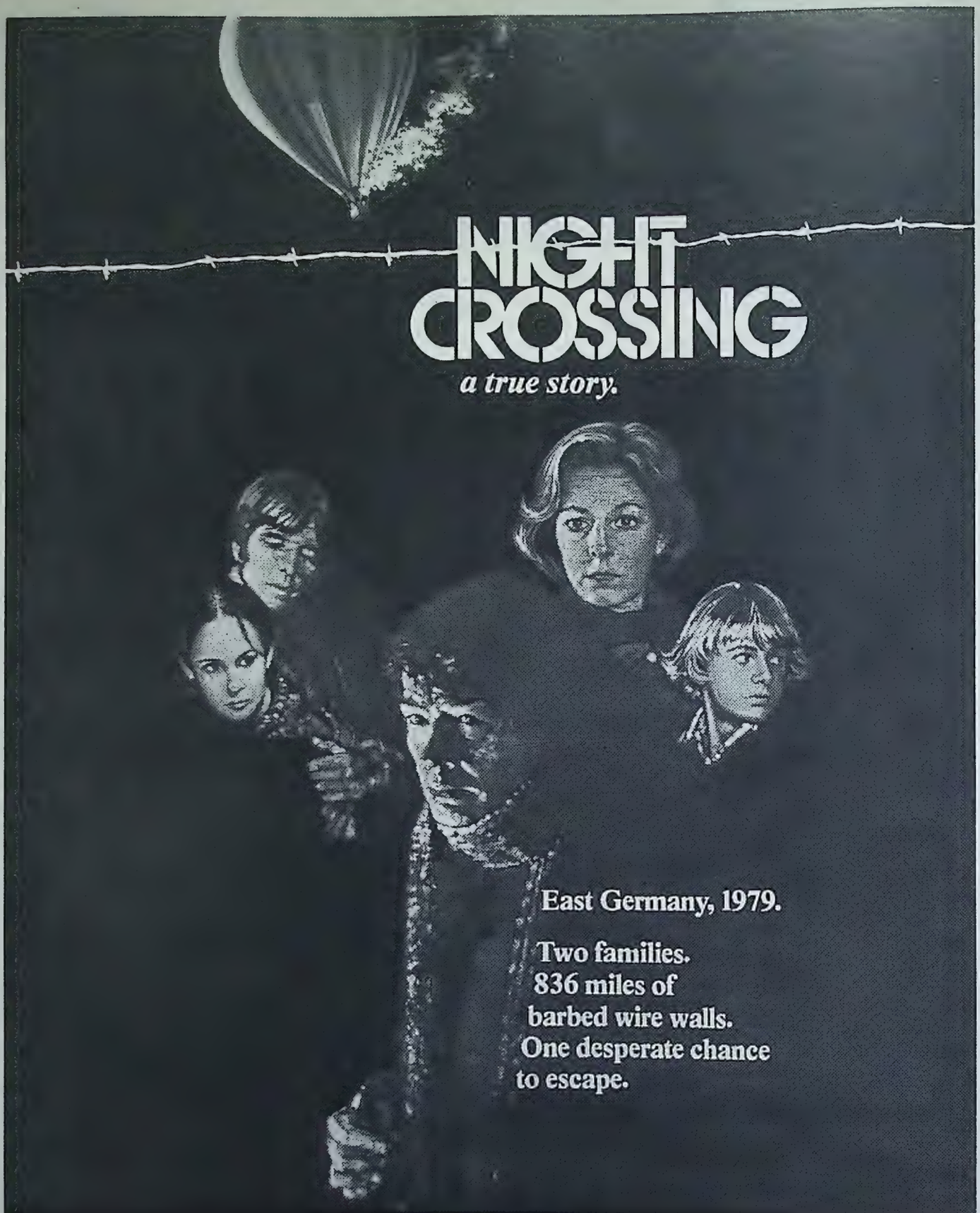

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Directed by DELBERT MANN From WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS
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CHECK NEWSPAPERS FOR A THEATRE NEAR YOU

Continued from page 13

The ill-fated Sarah Kaplan is portrayed by Toronto's Lynne Griffin. She soon vanishes from the screen, but the vivid memory of this young woman's radiance lingers throughout all the violent happenings that follow.

Arthur Hill is a native of Melfort, Sask. He became an international symbol of honor and integrity in television's *Owen Marshall, Counsellor at Law*. But he's too good an actor to let himself become typecast. In **The Amateur**, Hill has a field day as chief of the Central Intelligence Agency, a ruthless and conniving manipulator. This is an executive who can arrange an execution as routinely as a diner ordering dessert.

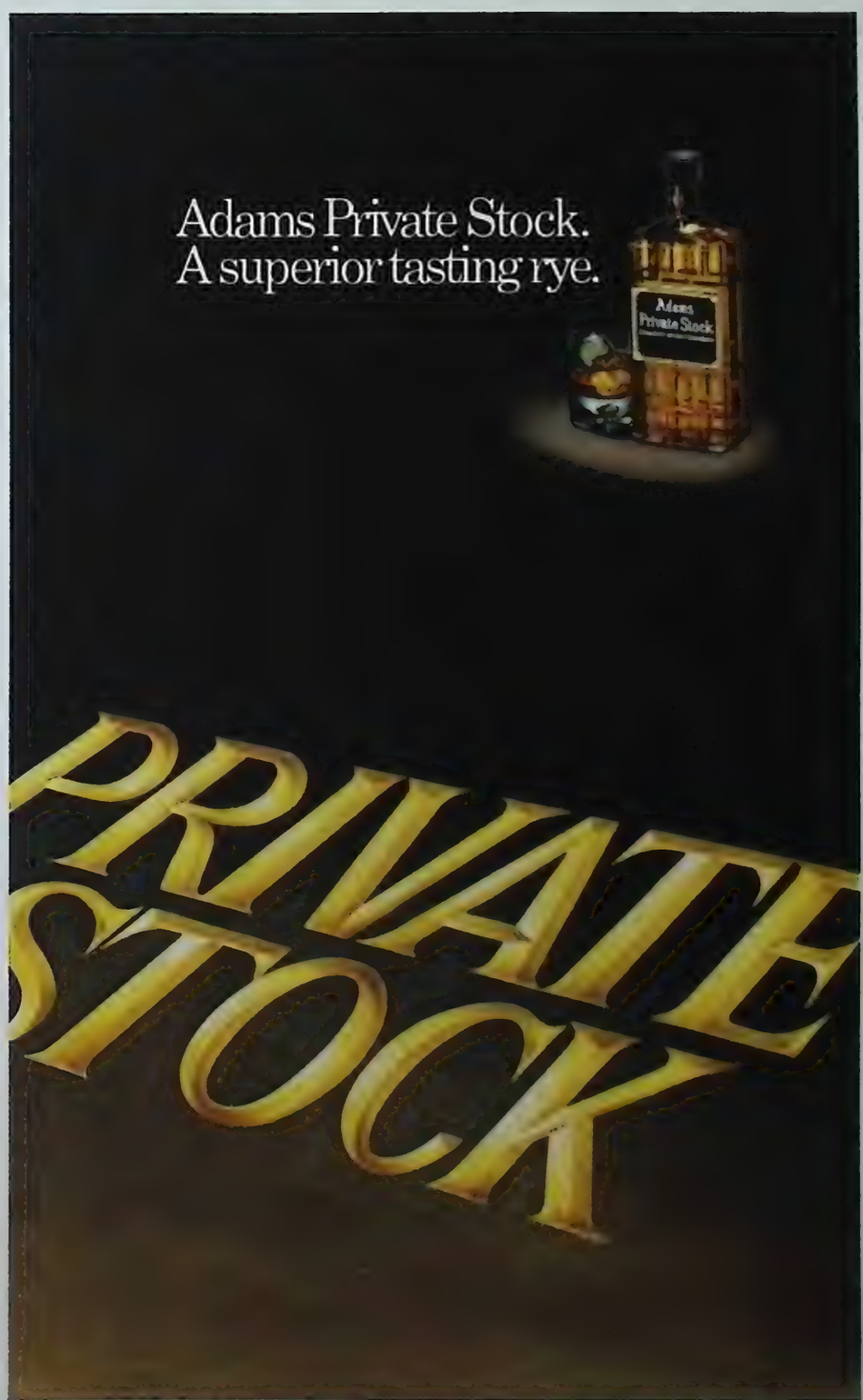
The American actor Ed Lauter, a specialist in screen villainy, appears as a CIA sudden-death expert. First he trains Heller for his perilous mission in Czechoslovakia, then goes hunting for his pupil. His mission is to "terminate him — with extreme prejudice." Lauter was prominent earlier in such movies as **The Longest Yard** and **The New Centurions**.

Among the memorable vignettes in **The Amateur** is the one provided by John Marley. His role is that of a cynical old journalist who hopes for an exclusive story exposing gross corruption within Uncle Sam's spy network. The American-born Marley now lives in Toronto. Millions of screen fans recall him as the fatally ill Ali MacGraw's gruff father in **Love Story**. In **The Godfather** he was the profoundly shocked Hollywood biggie who offends the Mafia and wakes up to find his horse's bloody head in his bedsheets.

Director Charles Jarrott is an Englishman who worked in CBC television in Toronto before tackling the larger screen. His output has included **Anne of the Thousand Days**, **Mary Queen of Scots**, and the trashy but profitable **The Other Side of Midnight**. Plus, of course, that calamitous 1973 remake of **Lost Horizon**, which luckily failed to hinder Jarrott's busy career.

The producers and director Jarrott soon found themselves handicapped by the real world's political tensions. Czechoslovakia refused to allow the Czech scenes in **The Amateur** to be shot within its borders. So did the second choice, Yugoslavia. But the problem was satisfactorily solved. Vienna was selected as the filming location; the Austrian capital has architecture and geography much like Czechoslovakia's.

Above and beyond its technical accomplishments, **The Amateur** graphically evokes today's frightening world of mindless terrorism. In this hard hitting espionage thriller, the spies who come in from the cold are fated to go back there tomorrow, never knowing who can be trusted. Maybe nobody. Not even themselves. ★



ADOLESCENT ANGST

by Bruce Kirkland

HOLLYWOOD — Contrasts: Bob Clark, the beefy director of **Porky's**, says of his troubled youth, "I was a horse's body with a hummingbird's sensitivity."

His film is about male rites of passage in redneck Florida. It's a semi-autobiographical story.

The movie sets up a vivid struggle between the raunchy but endearingly naïve teenagers of Angel Beach High School and the giant monster of a man who runs the roadside dive where the hookers hang out.

At first glance Clark, a tough-looking hombre, fits the stereotyped image of a southern "good ole boy" redneck badass with a wicked temper and a killer's disposition. You might even imagine Clark is Porky, that lughead leviathan at the dive.

Surprises: Clark is in fact a gentle, sensitive and articulate man. The hummingbird. In the case of **Porky's**, he's on the side of the Angels. The youths are his heroes. He was one of them. And he remembers.

"There are young elephants," says Clark, "that, at a certain point in their growth, go berserk. They uproot trees and attack other bull elephants. In human society, this phase is known as adolescence."

Clark, who now lives in Toronto, was born in New Orleans, did boy time in Birmingham, and ended up in Fort Lauderdale. He made his mark in football, even winning a couple of athletic scholarships.

Now we're sitting in his spartan production office deep in the labyrinth of the Twentieth Century-Fox studios. He gleefully serves up a slice of scrumptious lemon cake. Then he looks back on his youth, casting light on why he has at last made **Porky's**, a movie he has dreamed of doing for the past 15 years.

Life seemed strange to him as a kid. "As it would if you go around thinking you're a mule and feeling a thoroughbred's blood coursing through your veins." But the experience proved useful. When Clark wrote the script for **Porky's**, he infused it with anecdotes from his own adolescence.

"It's farce. But I have a high regard for farce, although it has generally not fared well in North America. **Porky's** could just as easily have been done as a tragedy, using the same incidents. I didn't want to do it that way. I more honestly expressed it in its current form."

That form has already raised eyebrows. **Porky's** is pretty vulgar stuff.

The six central youths in the film, hungry for sex, invade Porky's Bar to deal for hookers. Porky takes their money and dumps them into swamp water. The youths organize revenge.

The kids talk dirty. They talk sex. Clark agrees he's being audacious with his latest film but defends his frankness. "Nobody had ever done an honest farce about what we were truly like. When I suggested the idea years ago, the reaction was, 'You've got to be kidding! You can't film that!' I wanted to do it with no inhibitions."

Continued on page 18

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Continued from page 16

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Clark admits with a laugh that the film is "libidinous, to say the least. But that's exactly the way we were. The things we used to say and do as kids were vulgar to the point of repulsion. **Porky's** is vulgar, blatant, all those things. But it's honest!"

Before the general March release, Fox tested **Porky's** in Colorado Springs, Colorado and Columbia, South Carolina. The film scored stunning box office returns, proving that **Porky's** is not only a gross-out, it also has the potential to outgross every other film in town.

The polls showed highly favorable audience reactions. "No one walked out," says Clark, "and no one took umbrage at it, which is incredible given the nature of the material.

"The interesting thing about the work was finding the dividing line between what was acceptable and what was merely vulgar. **Porky's** is about sex, so the sex is not gratuitous. "Some people say that's not a serious matter for consideration in a film. Nonsense. The truth is, I don't think anything is too vulgar as long as the work springs from a basic truth."

Porky's is a significant departure in story, texture and style for Clark. Perhaps it reflects those days when, feeling the pangs of a "disenfranchised youth," he spent long evenings in a small room behind the bar where his mother worked. (His father died when he was young and he was raised by his mother.)

In the room there were three books, which he reread endlessly: Plato's *Republic*, the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* and Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*.

"I thought Plato made perfect sense," Clark recalls. "The *Rubaiyat* affected me tremendously," and from Mitchell's work he gleaned "a real appreciation of style. When I reread it much later, I was astounded by the sheer power of Margaret Mitchell's prose. Underneath that gossamer surface of entertainment, there was a lot of truth."

After a checkered academic ca-

reer which finally culminated in graduation from the University of Miami, Clark directed a production of Arthur Miller's *A View From the Bridge*. So impressed was a Florida film company that he found himself asked to direct a movie send-up of *The Emperor's New Clothes*. Unfortunately, Clark's first film will not be handed down to posterity since the negative and all prints are lost. But the experience inspired Clark to pursue a directing career,and he spent the next five years studying his chosen craft.

His second directorial effort was a horror flick called **Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things**, which became a cult favorite in release with Toronto's Quadrant Films and brought Clark to Canada. He did two more horror genre pictures, **Dead of Night** and the hugely successful **Black Christmas**, before making **Breaking Point** with Bo Svenson and Robert Culp in Hollywood. That movie convinced Clark he had one, and would reach it quickly dealing with the studio factory system.

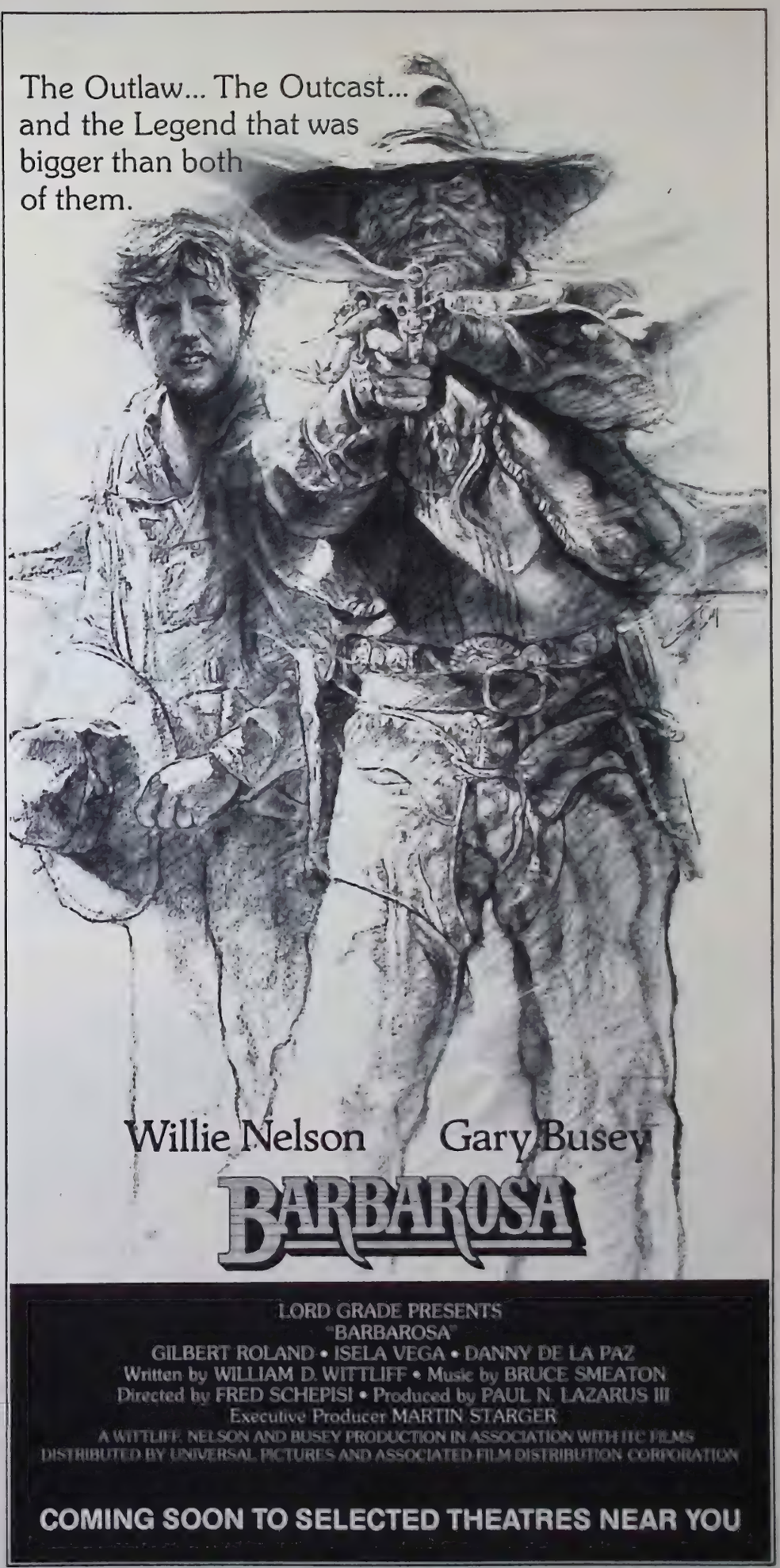
He resolved that his next project would be one he wanted to do and that he would handle it his way. As a result, he spent the next couple of years starving.

It was a painful time for Clark and his wife. "It would have cost me my marriage if I didn't have such a great lady," he says now. "My wife and I had barely enough to survive on."

But the struggle paid off. His next film was **Murder by Decree**, winner of a best picture Genie in 1980. And that success led to **Tribute**, a fine, intensely personal drama which yielded an Oscar nomination for Jack Lemmon.

"People have no idea of the enormous luck one needs and the enormous amount of toughness, to make it through with any sense of integrity, without prostituting yourself."

Porky's is a statement of integrity. It shows signs of becoming a monster hit. **Porky's II** is already slated for production. Bob Clark will starve no longer. ★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A STAR FILM IS REBORN

by Clare Parker

I suppose I'm dating myself but I can remember when cries of Bravo! were saved for extraordinary events — an aria by Callas, a tour-de-force by Nureyev, a performance by Olivier — and only when they earned them. In those dear dead days of yesteryear, the still-rare sight of an audience standing on its feet to salute an artist was considered a newsworthy event.

But then was then, and now is now, and standing ovations have become little more than a standing joke. Charo gets them in Las Vegas, rock stars get them just by tripping over their electric guitars. Everybody stands for everybody, and I can't stand it.

A few months ago, however, I found myself leaping to my feet with six thousand other paying customers, applauding and cheering one of those cherished 'extraordinary events' that left me elated for weeks. And that's what Francis Ford Coppola's amazing resurrection of **Napoleon** is really all about.

Why does **Napoleon** pack Radio City Music Hall in New York, and the mammoth Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles, and the Coliseum in Rome? Because, quite simply, it's an event unlike any other our generation has witnessed. No, make that generations, plural; the closest most of us come to seeing an honest-to-goodness Silent Movie is Mel Brooks' 1976 comedy of the same name. And judging from the love letters from New York film critics, none of us were truly prepared for its impact.

Pauline Kael, the high priestess of Manhattan's killer elite, bowed to French filmmaker Abel Gance, the "passionate wizard" who created the film. "We come away from **Napoleon**," she mused, "exulting in his extraordinary inventiveness, spirit and zingy virtuosity. You applaud, you cheer, it makes you gasp with pleasure."

Abel Gance died last November at the age of 92, almost six decades after he had first introduced **Napoleon** at the Paris Opera House in 1927. It was a smash hit even then — a young Charles de Gaulle led the huzzahs — but sound film had revolutionized moviemakers and moviegoers, and Gance's remarkable silent film disappeared for more than 50 years. British film historian Kevin Brownlow rescued it from the jaws of oblivion and spent 20 years painstakingly restoring Gance's treasure out of fragments and archival versions. For once fate was on the side of the artist; Gance lived to see the rebirth of his epic and basked once more, albeit briefly, in the adulation of a world public who had never known they were supposed to know his name.

What makes **Napoleon** such a startling theatrical event is the combination of Gance's haunting images and celebrated composer Carmine Coppola's towering musical score. Gance tells the story of young Napoleon, a fist-clenched youth born to be emperor. This is not the pudgy middle-aged victor/victim played by Marlon Brando three decades ago in **Desiree**; this is a virile, potent lover of France, liberty and justice, giving as much of himself to snowball war games as he later will to leading his troops in battle. And just when we think we've seen it all, Gance tops himself — and our expectations — by presenting his 18-minute finale in three screen Polyvision, a technique he pioneered 30 years before Cinerama was born.

"**Napoleon** was a climax in his generation, which in turn was a climax in Time," said Gance when he first unveiled the film in 1927. "And the cinema, for me, is the climax of life."

What makes this climax even more exciting is the presence of a 60-piece symphony orchestra — which in Toronto will be conducted by no less than Coppola himself — adding musical illustration to the grandeur on the screen.

It was Carmine Coppola in fact who inspired controversial contemporary filmmaker Francis Ford Coppola to undertake the gigantic task of bringing Napoleon back to world audiences.

"My father used to tell me," Francis remembers, "about the great silent films and the movie palaces they played — the Capitol, the Paramount, the grandest of all, The Roxy, and about the symphony orchestras, replete with gilded organs, that accompanied the epic films of that period."

The first time he saw **Napoleon** he felt it cried out for an orchestral score. Thus one of those 'extraordinary events' was born.

"We never thought we would have such an acclaimed and hugely popular international cinema event on our hands," admits Coppola, "nor did we realize how eager and hungry the movie audiences are. There are profound lessons for filmmakers to be learned from the success of **Napoleon**."

And profound rewards to be won by moviegoers all over the world.

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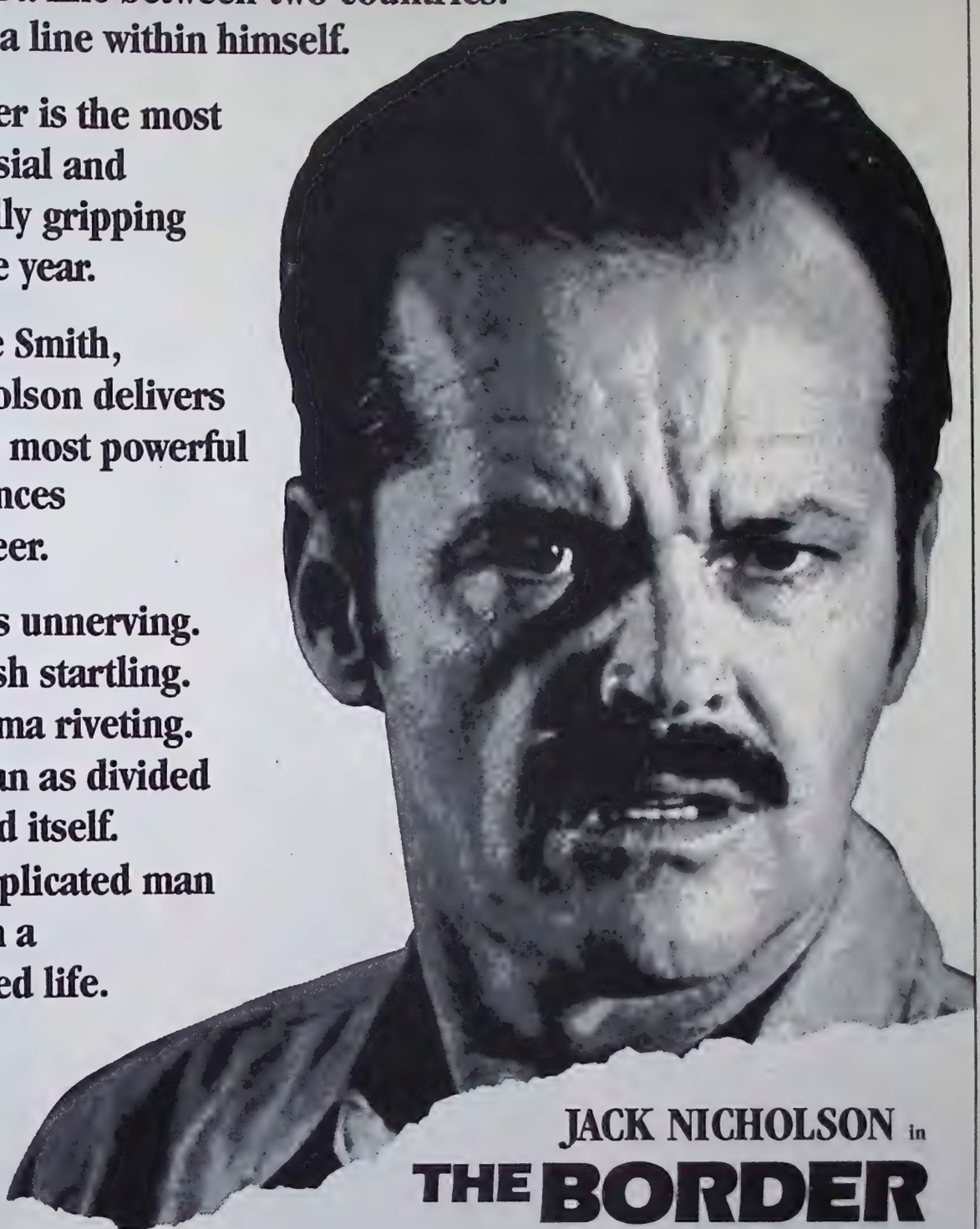

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IS SHE/HE OR ISN'T SHE/HE

by Rob Harris

LOS ANGELES — Something is happening to Blake Edwards.

It's not that the man who was responsible for the series of side-splitting **Pink Panther** pictures has suddenly become somber. His sense of humor is not only still intact, he's even resurrecting Inspector Clouseau for two more films, using vintage footage featuring the late Peter Sellers.

Nor has the writer-director-producer-husband of Julie Andrews, the once sanguine chanteuse who sauntered through the Swiss Alps in **The Sound of**

Continued on page 27

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SILENT RAGE

by Susan Wolfe

LOS ANGELES — "I want to expand my career and do more of the action-adventure type of roles. **Silent Rage** is a good start in that direction, I believe. It has a gripping story."

Chuck Norris, who's found fame and made a fortune as the internationally popular star of martial arts pictures — a genre not noted for strong story lines — is quietly proud of his new film.

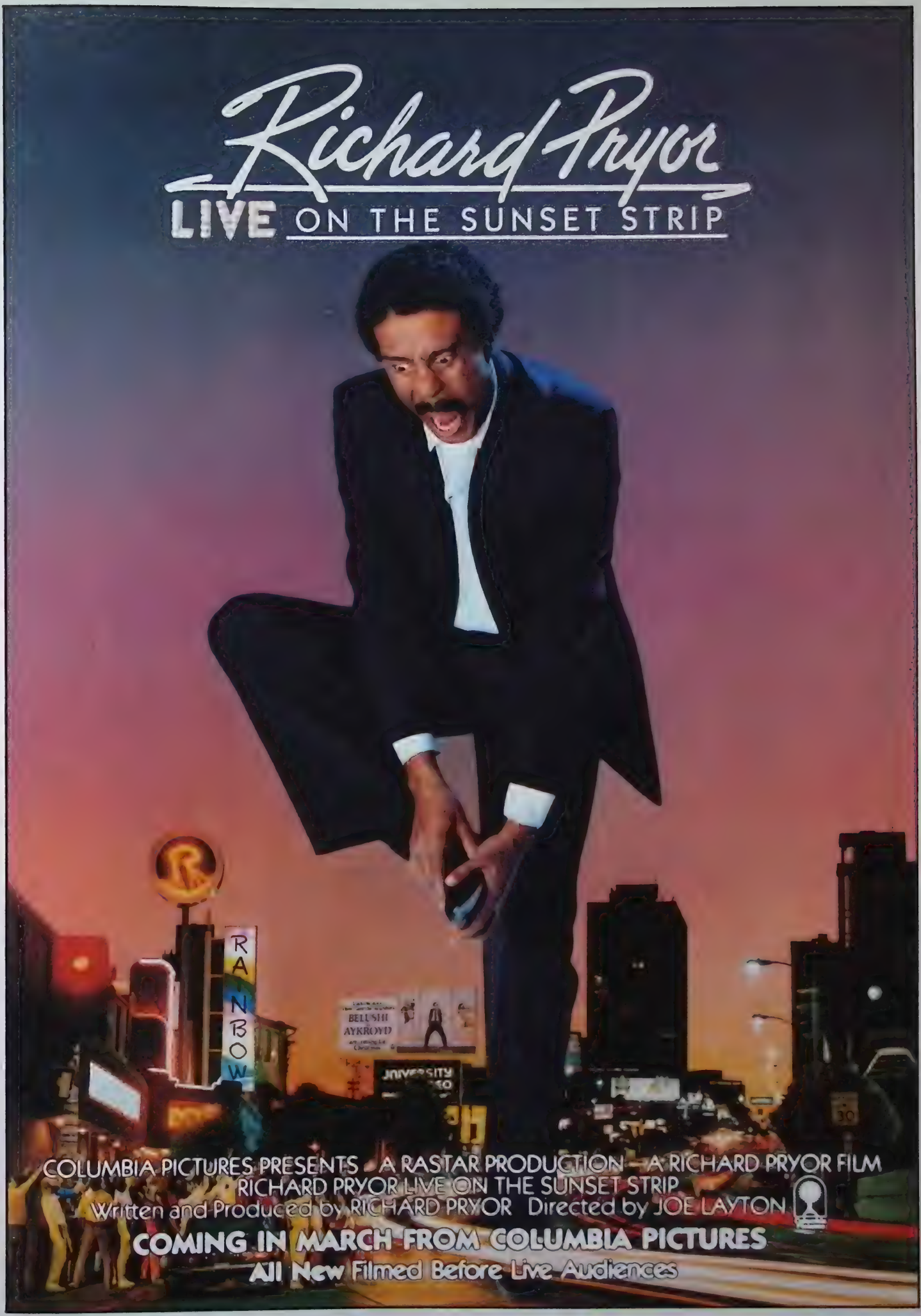
Norris fans will see their hero do a lot of things he's never done before. In this suspense thriller he plays Dan Stevens, the sheriff of a small town in Texas. A quiet, no-pressure job? Not quite, for Dan Stevens finds himself pitted against a psychotic killer who has become virtually indestructible through genetic engineering.

Science, twisted and misused terrifyingly, is the peg on which the picture hangs. And Chuck Norris moves from karate chops and on through an array of street-fighting stunts that are guaranteed to keep his audiences cheering.

Norris loved every minute of it — even the location shooting in Dallas, Texas, where the $4.5 million film was made. After all, Norris was born in Oklahoma, which is just next door. He felt right at home.

In one body-bruising scene, Norris single-handedly routs about a dozen brutal bikers from a truck-stop hangout. The fight took four days to film in a famous Dallas watering spot, the Ol' Blues Bar. But the climactic shot, where Nor-

Continued on page 28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Continued from page 22

Music and was last seen baring her bosom in **S.O.B.**, altogether abandoned absurdity in an effort to exorcise his spouse from the specter of **Mary Poppins**.

But something is happening to Blake Edwards.

Having made more than 40 movies, including such disparate diversions as **Breakfast at Tiffany's, Days of Wine and Roses** and **Experiment in Terror**, Edwards is emerging as an auteur in the arena of adult comedy.

The cinematic signature of Blake Edwards and the sophistication of Julie Andrews have arrived simultaneously. After probing the hand that feeds them in the showbiz satire, **S.O.B.**, they dauntlessly delve into the domain of vice and versa in their newest comedy, **Victor/Victoria**.

The story, set in Paris circa 1934, is a sort of sexual simile to the famous Abbott and Costello "Who's on First?" routine.

Consider the following cast of characters:

A woman cabaret singer who pretends to be a man so that she can fool audiences into thinking she's a man pretending to be a woman.

Her gay male companion, who teaches her how to pretend to be a man impersonating a woman, who later has an affair with her boyfriend's bodyguard.

The bodyguard who has, for years, been both guarding and secretly admiring his boss's body and eventually winds up in bed with his employer's girlfriend's alleged boyfriend.

The man who falls for the woman who is pretending to be a man impersonating a woman and, consequently, has to pretend to be gay because no one is supposed to know that the man he's sleeping with is actually a woman.

And (finally) that man's ex-girlfriend who thinks he's dumped her for a man, who is actually the woman pretending to be a man impersonating...

It's really just your ordinary love quintangle — or sextangle, if one counts the female impersonator twice.

Julie Andrews plays Victoria, a down-on-her-luck singer, starving on the streets of Gay Paree until she meets a homosexual cabaret entertainer (Robert Preston) who convinces her that, by cropping her hair and lowering her voice a few octaves, she could make a fortune as a female impersonator.

Preston introduces her to a theatrical agent (John Rhys-Davies) as Count Victor from Poland, and her new career is launched.

Victoria is so convincing on stage that she enchants a Chicago nightclub owner (James Garner) who is understandably shocked when she removes her wig to reveal a masculine countenance. Appalled at the thought that he could be attracted to a man, the macho American becomes obsessed with determining the sultry singer's true identity.

In his pursuit of Victor/Victoria, he finds further frustration when his muscle-bound bodyguard (Alex Karras) confesses his lifelong homosexuality and finds fulfillment in a fling with Preston.

When Garner and Andrews finally fall in love, he finds himself forced to feign being gay in order to protect her professional persona.

Stealing the show is Lesley Ann Warren as Garner's disgruntled "goilfriend" who vows vengeance for her former flame's apparent preference for a fellow fellow. The scorned sexpot does her best to discredit Garner with his Chicago syndicate associates who would like nothing better than to take over his territory.

Under Edwards' direction, **Victor/Victoria** transcends this farcical premise to offer an intriguing insight into the ostensibly arbitrary roles that society doles out according to gender.

With original music by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse, along with the stunning sound stage recreations of pre-World War II Paris, **Victor/Victoria**, according to co-producer Tony Adams (**Revenge of the Pink Panther, 10, S.O.B.**), "will tell people that MGM is back in the glamor business."

The film is, in fact, a visual delight, drawing on the moods of Van Gogh, Seurat, and Toulouse-Lautrec, whose paintings immortalized a Paris that remained remarkably unchanged from the 1890s through the prewar thirties.

The opportunity to reproduce the quaint cafés and colorful cabarets, and to recapture the romantic ambience of wintertime Paris in that period, was described by production designer Rodger Maus as "an art director's dream."

Dick Bush's cinematography captures the tone of this gentle jibe at cosmopolitan manners and mores with a soft focus on the foibles of the sometimes sad, always engaging people who, by choice or circumstance, pretend to be what they're not.

So, something is happening to Blake Edwards. He's becoming a screen stylist, a filmmaker who has found both a format for his comedy and a forum for his iconoclastic commentary.

With **Victor/Victoria**, Edwards escalates his cinematic assault on the absurdities that abound in the modern world. But, while one wry eye penetrates society's facades, the other still sees the silliness that surrounds it all.

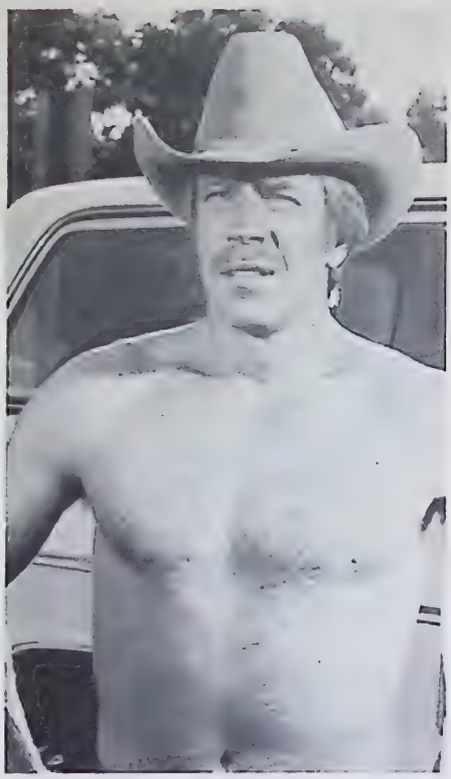
Continued from page 24

ris throws both biker and bike smack through a window, had to be done in one take. Literally a shattering scene.

But it isn't all martial arts.

Silent Rage even lets hero Norris have a mature romance. Toni Kalem, who has previously played street-smart toughies (her latest was in **Paternity**), is the love interest. The killer, John Kirby, is played by Brian Libby, who was in **The Octagon** with Norris.

The result is a contemporary mix of mayhem and love — and a departure in characterization for Norris. "I've been very fortunate in my career, and am again," the modest superstar explains, "in having been surrounded by fine actors. They can make a newcomer look very good. But now I think I am experienced enough — and I hope, skilled enough — to do more. I'll tell you," he chuckles



gleefully, **Raiders of the Lost Ark** is my ideal.

"Not," he adds hastily, "that I intend to abandon the martial arts. I don't. Why, I still train three hours a day. I've been doing this 24 years now, and if I keep fit there is no reason I can't still be doing it when I'm 70. I intend to do exactly that."

The Norris tone is firm. He plainly means what he says. What Norris sets out to do, he will accomplish.

Norris takes little credit for his incredible success. "First of all," he explains, "there was my mother, who worked so hard to bring me and my brothers up right. That she is still around to enjoy my success is one of the most marvelous things about it all.

"And then there is my wife. We married when I was 18, and she was one week short of her seven-

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teenth birthday. She has been an important and great influence.

"I was even lucky in the army. I got sent to Korea, where I first was a student of judo, then discovered karate and was able to learn it where it was invented. At first my instructor didn't believe I was serious, but when he saw I was — I practised five hours a night — he took me under his wing and I couldn't lose."

By the time Norris left the service in 1962, he had earned a black belt in karate and a brown belt in judo, and had started his first karate club.

Not bad for a man who characterized himself while in high school as a "five-foot-six, 130-pound shrimp."

When, at the age of 34, Norris decided to retire from competition, he was the undefeated six-time world champion and had 32 karate schools in operation. He no longer operates the schools but, he wants it known, "I still serve as a sort of guiding consultant for a black belt association of some 48 members in the United States and Mexico. I keep tabs on the quality of instruction — that sort of thing. I enjoy it."

But right now, Norris' primary interests are expanding his career as an actor, and ensuring the success of his own production company, Topkick Productions. **Silent Rage** is a first step in what Norris deems to be the proper direction.

But while Norris is busy expanding his career, he remains vitally concerned about creating a positive screen image. "When I do a picture," he says, "kids see me. Whatever I do they take as gospel. So it's important that I don't have a detrimental effect on them.

"I'll never, for example, play a drug addict or an alcoholic. In fact, in a lot of my films, I stress how bad drugs are, and how strongly I'm against them. After all, I have two sons of my own."

Off-screen, Norris spends a lot of time talking to young people. And, he doesn't just talk about karate. "I talk about what it takes to be successful in life, and to be happy. I tell them to set up specific goals, see them vividly in the mind, then set out with desire, determination and persistence to overcome all obstacles.

"Sure it's tough. But if kids apply themselves they'll make it. I always use myself as an example.

"I'm realistic," he says. "I know I'm not a great actor. I'll never be an Olivier or a DeNiro. My goal is to develop an on-screen personality that the kids can look up to and emulate.

"That's all I care about." ★

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by Roderick Mann

MAJORCA — "Although I've read the script, I can never actually remember who did the murder," says Peter Ustinov. "It's a good thing: probably it helps keep my performance fresh."

Here on the Spanish island of Majorca in the Mediterranean, Ustinov is again playing the role of Agatha Christie's Belgian supersleuth, Hercule Poirot. This time he's starring in the film version of **Evil Under The Sun**.

It's the same mixture as before — a lot of prime suspects gathered together in a secluded locale, every one of them with an ironclad alibi that has to be explained away. Standard Christie stuff.

And, as with the two other Poirot pieces, **Murder on the Orient Express** and **Death on the Nile**, producers John Brabourne and Richard Goodwin have peopled their film with a talented group of artists and set them up in a colorful location.

In **Evil Under The Sun** they have Diana Rigg as a bitchy actress, James Mason and Sylvia Miles as a couple of passé Broadway producers, Roddy McDowall as a low-life Hollywood columnist, Maggie Smith as the former mistress of a European king, and Nicholas Clay, who played Sir Lancelot in **Excalibur**, as a handsome gigolo.

All are dressed to kill by triple Oscar-winner Anthony Powell, who won his latest award for his work on **Tess**.

"What we try to do," says Goodwin, "is provide terrific escapist entertainment that you can take the kids to, and make it look beautiful at the same time."

The Christie mystique shows no signs of waning. Five years after her death bookstores still have dozens of her titles on their shelves. And 60 years after he made his bow in *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*, Hercule Poirot is still capable of solving crimes that would baffle the combined talents of the FBI, Scotland Yard and France's Deuxième Bureau.

"I think one of the reasons the books and films are so popular is that people know what to expect," says the director, Guy Hamilton, "though now we try to add a few surprises."

They also add a little better dialogue to the story — for Agatha Christie's strong point was plotting, not dialogue. In **Evil Under The Sun** the lines have been written by Anthony Shaffer, of *Sleuth* fame.

Hamilton is delighted the film is being made on Majorca. He's lived on this island for several years now. The tall British director, who was responsible for four of the James Bond films — including **Goldfinger**, which many consider to be the best — thinks it is a lovely spot.

It is four years since Brabourne and Goodwin made **Death on the Nile** in the sweltering heat of Egypt. And eight years since **Murder on the Orient Express**. And they plan to wait some time before making the next.

"We don't want to overdo them," says Goodwin. "That would be a mistake."

"Perhaps it would," says Ustinov with a mock scowl. "But what about me? If they're going to wait four years between each one, I'm soon going to be too old to play him. We'll be doing **Poirot's Last Case** before you know it." ★

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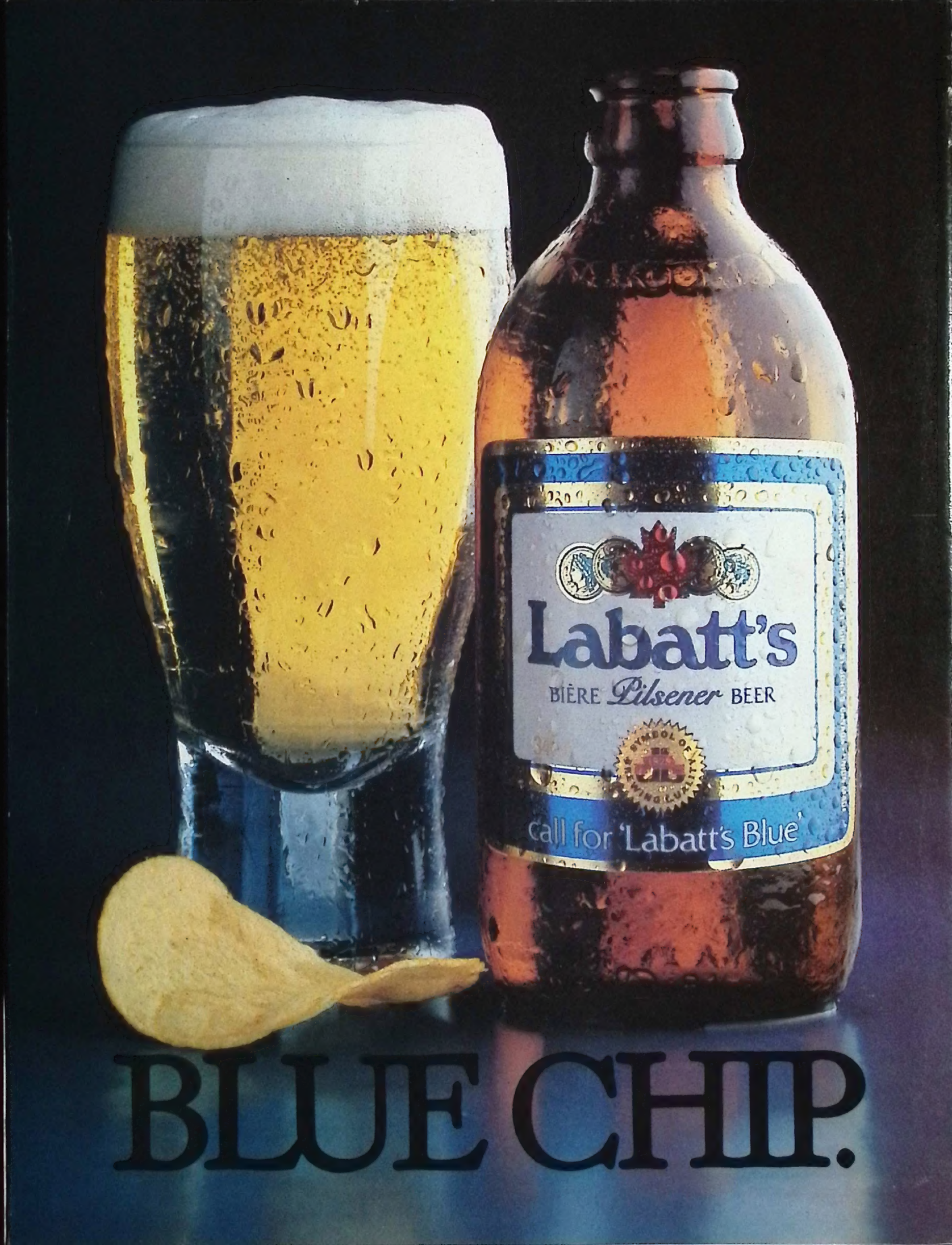
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